RHYMES FROM A HILL BILLY

DR. L. C. HIEGEL

DIXON: 1953 Notes

HIEGEL, Dr. Loren C., Masseur & Osteopath
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Frontis: The author, smoking a pipe, sitting on a bowlder (Mt.Helix?)
legend: "A snapshot of the Hill Billy"

Dr. Hiegel's name first appears in the San Diego Directory for 1918, as a Masseur, with with Florence E. (later listed as Elizabeth) and the address 2882 Imperial Ave. Directory shows this address until 1932, when the address 2901 Madison Ave is shown. Last entry of Dr. and Mrs. Hiegel is for the 1947-8 directory. The 1949-50 book does not carry the name.

Dr. Hiegel is listed variously as a Masseur and "massage" - but not as Doctor Hiegel. The 1941 edition shows him as a masseur, but from 1942 on he is carried as an osteopath.

In View of Dr. Hiegel's 30-year residence in San Diego he certainly deserves to be ~~xxxxx~~ classed among our literateurs. He does not claim literary excellence for his production, but only the right to express his philosophy in meter or rime. The opening lines serve as an apt introduction to the volume:

"These rhymes were composed by a Hill Billy
So you can't expect a great piece of art;
Therefore you big guys may think I am silly,
But you can understand from the start,
That in the hills there is many a gully,
And that every Hill Billy can do his part...

Presented to Wilmer B. Shields, 3-23-1953, for his collection of San Diego Authors.

Ben F. Dixon

BEN F. DIXON, Curator
San Diego Historical Society

75 dup

A Snapshot of the Hill Billy

Rhymes from a Hill Billy

By

DR. L. C. HIEGEL

1927

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From the Author
Dr L C Hiegel
2301 Madison
San Diego

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DR. L. C. HIEGEL

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Rhymes from a Hill Billy

These rhymes were composed by a Hill Billy
So you can't expect a great piece of art;
Therefore you big guys may think I am silly,
But you can understand from the start
That in the hills there is many a gully,
And that every Hill Billy can do his part,
As in the hills our mind will fully mature
And to compose these rhymes we were in haste,
So if they will please we are not sure
Until everybody will give them a taste.

From the top of the highest mountain
Where Billy Hill took his observation,
Of Truth and Wisdom discovered he the fountain
Which was intended for human preservation.
The water from it is not for sale
But as a gift of nature it's at our disposition
And from rusty conscience will wash the scale
So we can give them the needed contemplation—
These rhymes we can get out by the bale,
If by doing so we can stop greater corruption,
As much of the old stuff is getting stale
And is hardly fit for daily publication.
All we can read is about social bunco games
That for us Hill Billies is all confusion.

The Beginning of the Human Race

How can anyone tell of the beginning of man
When the world has existed billions of years?
It is more than our sense can understand.
When the Truth has been abolished by Fear
And rapacity taken possession of all the land,
The cog wheels of the mind slip out of gear.
They must have lied to beat the band.
As for the Truth—it has been left in the rear.

Some bonehead thought he was smart
By advancing his view of the first creation;
But from observation and reason we cannot depart,
And we cannot stand without reasonable foundation.
Therefore we must sweep out all the rubbish
That is retarding the progress of civilization;
To stick in the old rut for us is foolish,
As the durn old fogy conglomeration
Is sufficient to drive all the wise insane.
As to the old stuff with its falsification
For some of those yarns some nuts are to blame,
As from the beginning there is no justification.

The whole thing was to make us believe,
For the sake of compensation and their salvation,
That in some other world we would receive
Our ticket for the show of reincarnation.

But we do not know of what it may consist,
With their mixture of hell and damnation,
That to conceive the Truth we must desist,
As for us lies have too much temptation.

Energy

Creation is a problem hard to solve,
As it is beyond all our imagination.
The amount of Energy it must involve
To give Nature the power of alimentation;
The speed at which the planets revolve
Without passing the limits of gravitation,
And radiate also everything in its way:
Therefore Energy has no limitation,
So when it stops we are bound to decay.

For the truth, Energy is the solution,
As it makes everything grow out of clay;
It stimulates all kinds of invention;
Into seed of all plants fertilizes the germs;
Therefore its power is the father of creation,
With Mother Earth is always on good terms,
So as to continue our perpetual propagation.
From Energy we receive our first breath
In performing our first act of respiration;
When we lose our Energy, for us it's death,
Which for us is the end of our circulation.

Energy cleanses the home of our mind;
Gives us the strength for our protection,
Until the departure of our spirit
That with Energy is in connection.
Therefore it must go back to the one that giveth
To complete the course of its evolution.

The Evolution of Life

When life blows in a little tot
We can remember then how we came,
As our beginning was very much the same.
Upon the earth for every soul is a spot,
But of producing we must play the game;
And if we are wise we can arrive at fame,
But our action must be right on the dot,
Because if we don't succeed we are to blame,
As from the greater powers we have example
In their perpetual energical reproduction
For us they have built every kind of temple
Where we can observe the greatness of creation—
The magnitude of our brilliant streams
Carrying moisture to all our vegetation.

The reality for us is only a short dream
Which very few have time for contemplation,
As there are too many of us that do not help
In producing for their own alimentation.
Upon Mother Earth they are just like a wart
Which for no one has equal compensation;
But if, like Nature, we all would do our part
Of the great father we could follow the evolution;
A different kind of humanity we could breed
Which to the world would be a gratification—
So don't forget that we should select our seed.

Reincarnation

Reincarnation is a problem to solve,
As so far no one has found the keys
To better ourselves our knowledge involve,
As ignorance, all the same, pays the fees.
To reincarnate we may, in certain ways,
But it may not be entirely to our taste,
As our conduct will have much to say,
Because if our life was spent in waste
The human form we cannot regain;
Therefore we may reincarnate into beast
As our beastly forms we must retain—
The beast we have represented upon earth
Which has always been our favorite twain
In reincarnation will loan us its skirt,
As to reincarnate into human it takes brain.

Our bodies must return into a lot of dust,
And our spirit from whence it came;
Therefore if the human zone we bust
We are durn sure to play the other game.
During our lives if we have imitated a hog
It's durn sure that we will not be a dog;
And if we have acted too foxy for the fox
We can't ever be turned into an ox.
But if we have been an ass we carry the burden,
And all the flash of striped socks
Will not make you reincarnate into a zebra.

When human reincarnates into beast
Their position they have not changed;
As they enjoyed all their feast,
So their spirit is so arranged
That it cannot fly to human zone
When for the unknown they depart;
It is not because they are high tone
That they can ride the heavenly cart,
As wealth is not what builds our spirit
So as to fly to our heavenly mansion.
Prayers to us are of no benefit
If we have not done it by our action,
As there hypocrisy does not fit.

We all must stand for reincarnation—
If the highest grade we can make
In the way of human benefaction,
The highest seat above we take,
As our deeds are our heavenly introduction,
As there the human laws they cannot break.
For all good spirits there is no distinction;
The heavenly mansion we must build ourself
From the time of our age of reason,
As every deed is placed upon our shelf
For the composition of our future star
To which a part we are representing
For the great master of all Energy.

School and Education

School is a place for education;
But some go there to play,
As for learning they have no qualification
That kind might as well stay away,
As to learn is not their intention
Their mind—if they have one—is for play,
Which will be the same in filling a position
That they will occupy only for the pay,
As play will be their only satisfaction.
Therefore a faculty should without delay
Select those scholars for elimination,
As they are only in the others' way.

It is different when they wish to learn;
The nonsense of play they will spurn,
And the highest point willing to earn,
So for the other kind they don't give a durn;
And education they are going to get
Because they are willing to work for it,
As their mind on knowledge is set.
To those, education will benefit,
As they will have determination to fit
The qualifications desirable for profession;
While the others will be glad to split
The difference of their ambition with
The labor of flunkey, needing no wit.

Science

Science with all its researches
Has omitted one important discovery—
This is the classification of parasites,
As their damages are beyond recovery.
Therefore we need an antidose
Strong enough to stop our worry.
The parasites do not produce,
But they are able to live in luxury,
And the poor suckers they will seduce
To the extreme point of penury,
Which science should be able to reduce,
At least in the coming century.

But until then we should have an anaesthetic
So as to put the vermin to sleep,
Thus stop the increase showing by statistic,
As their cost of support is durn steep.
Those parasites are a kind of human beast
That upon parlor rugs continually creep,
And from our income sure make a feast.
To science it would be the greatest fame
If it could relieve us of this pest,
As our resources are getting too durn lame,
And our patience is surely entitled to rest,
For parasites are playing all the game
And the producer is only their guest.

The Bunk of Darwinism

Darwin, upon his theory of evolution
About his ancestor, might be correct,
Or else he would not claim their relation
So of Darwin what can we expect?
To them he owes his great reputation
For which no sensible human has respect.
Therefore we should refute all his version.
If his ancestral connections were Quadrumane,
As he found in his monkeying with investigation,
The tribes of monkeys were not to blame
In Darwin's claim for his and their affiliation;
But to the rest of humans it is a shame
As the thought of it gave Bryan an indigestion.

Of Darwinism he swallowed a too big hunk,
And of his food caused the congestion,
So be careful not to eat after taking this lot of bunk.
For Billy Bryan we should mourn his exit
As for him the assertions of Darrow stunk.
For humanity they were of no benefit,
As every one that believed them was stung.
To Darwin we must give credit
For standing up for his own evolution;
But the rest of us he must not involve,
As a monkey for ancestor is not our intention;
Therefore the hoax of Darwin we must solve
Without Bryan, but we thank him for his intervention,
As this noble deed cost William Bryan his life.

The New Crop of Boys

What about our new crop of boys?
They are fine specimens for races,
But as real men they are only toys;
Dissipation is printed upon their faces,
And their main education is to play ball,
Which gives them exercise in the wrong place,
Therefore causes them to grow too tall.
But the length is all in their legs
And to work they must be careful not to fall,
So it will be durn hard on them long pegs
When for work those pegs they must bend.

The back will not be so very long
But the strength will be in the spine.
Of the brains a general prolapse
Way down below the waist line;
And if their engine is in the upper part
It must surely cause an early decline,
Which will be hard for them to get a start
When the whole body is muscle bound,
Then the whole durn thing will collapse
Before they will have time to turn around;
And they will be candidates for all kinds of disease,
Specially the ones that are newly found—
Appendicitis, neuritis, arthritis, for ease;
And maybe of hebe-jebe understand the noun,
As it is the latest when we are broke.

The New Crop of Girls

The new crop of girls have pretty curls,
But I wonder if they can cook a meal
And Mother says cooking is not for girls,
So for a mate don't hurry to close the deal,
As when the flag of fifty-fifty we unfurl,
They sure will begin to right appeal.
All of them have training of some kind,
So upon their chance they put the seal,
And there is always one they can find
That is willing to pay the expense.
So the boys might as well make up their mind
That the girls that have good sense
Are not obligated to the same old grind,
As for them to be hitched to a man
It's more for a meal-ticket than for love,
To get out of him all they possibly can,
And the rest goes with the installment
Which generally follows matrimony,
Upon which he must make full payment.
Then the next in sight is alimony,
Which depends upon his ability to produce.
The court of divorce is sure to pull his legs,
So is the modern way that we introduce
For the chicken that must lay the eggs.
Unless he has money laid up by the keg,
He soon will be reduced to beg.

The Nuts of Humanity

We wonder why there is so many a nut
That did not grow upon some kind of tree—
It's because they came out of the rut
After they had been on a spree.
Education made of them a fool
When by some kind of bunk they got a degree,
As a great many nuts grow at school
Where nutty lessons are given free;
And their brains did not have time to cool,
As there they were made believe
That they surely did not have to work
And that from everybody they could receive
Plenty to do with the knife and fork,
And also all the wealth for their need,
As of the bottled knowledge they had the cork
And of nuts they had planted the seed.

But they soon found out their mistake,
As even to grow nuts it takes experience,
When of some occupation they must partake
For dead stuff the world has no patience.
Therefore all nuts must take a roll—
The nuts of Nature may fall upon the ground
Where the grower is sure of his toll,
But the school nuts will fall on the street;
Then as usual they are swept in the gutter—
That is where you go with Latin and Greek
Unless you are able to raise school nuts.

The Old Maid

For the old maid we don't feel sorry,
As long as she has her poodle dog to kiss;
'Bout anything else she needn't worry,
The quarrels of life she'll always miss.
In her habit she does as she please,
For an old maid must have her own way.
So with an income she can live at ease
And to be an old maid is not so bad,
Only that they are the object of our tease,
As her love affairs were very sad.

The man she loved she could not get,
As he had already met with his fate;
So there is reason why she is single yet
Which is better than to have a sap for mate,
As with a durn nuisance they don't fret;
And matrimony will soon be out of date,
Because upon freedom our mind is set;
And the divorce courts are doing their best
In the ways of freedom for matrimony,
Of which many were glad to get a rest
Even at the price of paying alimony.

So in favor of which should we decide
Between an old maid and a grass widow?
Each of them has a good side,
But the chances are for the grass widow
As from their grasp we cannot slide.

The Old Bachelor

Old bachelors are not all to blame—
As to single life there are many excuses,
Because they know that girls are sane
And cannot well submit to their abuses,
Which usually follow in matrimonial game,
As when the bug of love has burnt his fuses
Neither one has the appearance to be tame,
As the right one is durn hard to find.

So of solitaire just as well play the game,
As then there is not so much on our mind,
Which is otherwise when we have a dame,
And the bachelor has only one axe to grind.
For widow and old maid he can saw the wood,
As no one can object to his filling vacancy,
And use his talent where he can do more good,
And fill the places that he takes a fancy.

The bachelors are not always left in the cold.
As they have many chances to get a rub;
If they have the dough and not too old
They find other places besides the club.
So everything is pleasant with the gold,
As every one is ready to take us for luck
So be careful or you will be cheaply sold.
When the pleasure of matrimony you try to buck
It might be more trouble than you can hold.

Our Obligation

An obligation by our conscience is set
To pay or do whatever we think is right;
Give full value in exchange for what we get,
And our best regard to everything in sight;
And be careful before contracting a debt
To be sure that we can pay—not only might—
As upon a myth of uncertainty we cannot bet.
We may for one time with a myth others deceive,
But the next time when we may be in tight
We will be the one that will have to grieve.

Of our obligation the responsibility is great,
As the first one is to ourselves for Energy,
Which is not to be bought by the crate
But is easily consumed by useless dissipation:
And of not putting off what we can do today
For the tomorrow, in ways of retribution,
As Father Time does not accept any delay.

To Mother Earth we owe our contribution,
Therefore our obligation is to produce,
Which should be our first contemplation
So that the hardship of others we can reduce;
And good health will be our compensation.

Our other obligations are to uphold morality,
And to assist our government in all we can;
Then we can expect the reward for our integrity,
And hoping that all crooks will soon get the can.

Red Tape and Its Cost

Red tape is a very costly ribbon;
Its length encircles the world;
To its calling everyone must respond;
Around our neck we can feel the cord.
If our view with others does not correspond
It's in the possession of all our lord,
So the law of might is on his side.
The cost of it we could well afford,
If so many crooks it would not hide.
We could abide by its intended formality,
If it was not only for the public to ride;
Still, regardless of its sham integrity.
To its dictation we have to abide,
To the ridicule of their supposed ability,
For the laws of might they must control,
Or otherwise lose their concession.

The profession plays the greatest role
To hold the fruits of ignorance in possession.
It is all for greed, we don't have to be told,
As we can tell from the general confusion,
That all our individual rights are sold,
As no matter what we do, it's transgression;
And to the greed of red tape we must bow,
Because we have not learned the craft of tape,
So we were color blind to its glow.

Laws and Justice

To give justice is our intention,
But it is a difficult undertaking
Because the truth is only imitation.
If the judge could read the mind
He could tell who is on the beat,
And that honesty is hard to find.

When some upon our fight intrude
We seek the protection of the law,
Which for us is great incertitude,
As the opposite lawyer will find a flaw.
The laws he will try to improve
For the benefit of his client,
So that by the time each side makes a move
The judge has become impatient,
As the lawyers give too many stall
So that upon testimony they can fudge
Regardless of the judge's down-call
To those that for the law have a grudge
And also that for a small bribe will fall;
As to many a one, honor is a thing of the past,

But they are sure to have plenty gall;
And as long as the money will last
To justice it will be a handicap
To drive the criminal to the mast
Where all crooks ought to be hung.

Blue Laws

These Blue laws were invented by old sinners
That were too dissipated and could not last;
Now they can't have the pleasure of good dinners
As they have done everything except good in the past.
With a pot belly, and no hopes of getting thinner,
Their own ways to heaven they will have to blast;
Of hell at present they can see the glimmer,
In spite of their sanctimonious behavior
Their old hides would sure make a lot of glue
To make blue laws stick upon us old timer,
As it is about time for these old buzzards to pay dues.

But how far they can go is hard for us to tell,
If they can get the control of all the pew
We may have to put up with them for a spell.
Of them in heaven there is only very, very few
Because the master could not put up with their smell,
As there they must stay in to play with the band
So he taught that the best place for them was hell
As their language old Nick could better understand.

Why from decency, honesty, these birds fell—
They simply made their mistake about location:
Instead of building a mansion in heaven
They built for themselves a jail in the other place
Where they can shoot craps with the other deacons
That with them used to chase from place to place,
When with the laws they used to play the dickens.

Blue Laws Among the Hill Billies

This is a conversation between Billy Hill
And Dutchy, the owner of the mill,
Who did not understand why the law was blue
And he thought that who made them had the blues
Because they could not get anything to drink;
And Dutchy could no more make his home brew.
Even the revivals were on the blink
And the preachers were in a hell of a stew,
As prohibition had knocked the spirit in the head.

Blue laws had to put the country in the hole
Because the good spirit was all dead,
And the Lord had gone away for His vacation
As the scent of bootleg He could not stand,
So He went where there is no prohibition
And revived His spirit with some old brand.

No wonder the country is so durn confused
When the Lord refused to lead the band,
Now what are they going to do for spirit?
Everybody will have the blues and no pep
There won't be no preacher able to set in pulpit,
So of bull the whole thing has made a rep,
Since we must sing the song to please the frog
As without spirit we are sure to croak,
Because good sense is lost in the blue fog.

"Say, Billy, what do you know about blue law?"
"Well, it's jest 'cause the one that had the blues
Could not get no more liquor to drink.
I jest tell you this prohibition dry law
Sure put all our revival on the blink,
'Cause we can't get to profess unless they are souse.
What you reckon the old deacon the oder day,
He said that the good old spirit was dead
And that there dry law knocked him in the head.
They played hell, now what they gwine to do for a spirit?
If all the spirit going to die natural death
Us poor devils will sure have to hold our breath.
What for, 'cause they might take our guts for a still
Don't you know we been eat'n' corn meal and rye bread.
What do we know about that? Guess we better take pills
Before them agent knock our belly in the head.
It's sure hell, Billy. Now what are we gone to eat?"

" 'Tatoes, I guess." " 'Tatoes, I just tell you we can't.
Then Germans make schapps mit der potatoes."
"Ah, Pshaw! Is der sourkrout got another spirit?"
"Oh, ya, he's got plenty spirit when he schmell."
"Well, I chust tell you we get the Limburger cheese,
Then the whole bizness can already go to hell,
Where we can have everything that we damn please."
"Oh, no we can't go there—the place is too full already.
They got hell rented for a jail. So long, Billy."

Prohibition

Prohibition is a hell of a word,
As common sense dictates many a reason,
As it is just to please a horde
That should be out of season,
As of them we should know the record
For integrity it has no renown
As all the nonsense it has the cord.
A stain upon our constitution has thrown
And created a damn lot of discord.
If all the sots could in liquor drown
A little peace we could well afford,
As of all the nuts they wear the crown.

If we listen to the fanatical gangs
Our Uncle Sam cannot claim his own.
If he lets his destiny in damn fools' hands
The seeds of nuts that they have sown
Will crack the earth to beat the band,
As temperance is not a question of booze
As there is other greater faults, understand,
That from every damn corner begin to ooze.
The point is why have we lost our energy,
If it is not from the scourge of venereal disease,
And they should use temperance in surgery
As many a pocket book it would ease.
But for some they should use castration,
As the disease is the cause of insanity,

So to many their minds are in litigation,
Therefore prohibition is their affinity.
When venereal disease out of their body ooze
Is there any chance to reach the cause?

If fault in liquor, a lot of nuts will choose
Instead of upon real vices open a crusade,
As real crooks don't dwell in calaboose.
How can a bunch of mutts be sound of mind
When of brains they had lost the uses
From the continual habits of using dope?
Of usefulness and sense they burnt the fuses.
Therefore to restore equality there is no hope
If venereal diseases are with us to stay
We that are clean will have to elope
So as to get out of the rottens way,
As they now cover the biggest scope.

Bootleggers are the only ones to get rich,
And for revenue Uncle Sam has to scratch,
As from them all he can get is the itch,
And for his honor he will have to watch;
While if we had used a part of our good sense
We could have drowned the incorrigible drunkard
And give his widow a pension for her mistake
And the punishment of having to live with a drake.
We also could tie the rum smuggler to a high stake,
As for false pretense they sure take the cake.

The time we have lost in prohibition enforcement
Was not worth the cost of the undertaking;
And those that invented it were a lot of fake
That should have been drowned in a whisky lake.

The Dollar

The dollar is a commodity of exchange.
If like the world it was not round,
It would not be so hard to keep;
So when we know how to earn it
The climbs of life are not so steep,
And from its exchange we get benefit.
So before we let it go let us take a peep,
As it might be to our mutual benefit.
Tuck them in your pocket very deep
So they will be out of everybody's sight.
As for the dollars they will creep.

For them we work day and night,
And also willing to lose our sleep.
For them it's a continual fight
As to who can succeed in getting the most;
To its exchange we have the right
As the dollars are not for ghost,
But only increase the human might.

Of our birth it will pay the cost;
Help us when we are in a tight,
So it is the best friend we have—
Of his acquaintance is our delight;
And as long as we have it we do not starve.
So the dollar is not bad after all—
If you don't believe it, just give it a call.

The Diamond

The diamond is a durn costly bubble
For which people lose their mind,
As they are giving constant trouble.
If safety for diamonds we could find
We might not enjoy their shine,
So we just as well save their cost
And leave the nuisance in the mine.
To be sure, the most of their loss
Would be in the tease of vanity
Of which only fools carry a load
Which is disgusting to humanity.

Diamonds lead many to crooked road
As vanity and envy have complicity,
For which the bribe is enticing
To any kind of human temptation.
Diamonds are costing too many lives
That their sparkle cannot redeem,
Besides the anxiety which derives
From the case of our attention.

Why should we pay attention to sparkle
Which does not add anything to comfort?
Why not listen to a chicken cackle
When she lays eggs for our comfort?
But Oh, my, if a hen would lay a diamond
It sure would be the end of her cackles!

The Stool Pigeon

Is a bird that every one dislikes
Because he is very much like a skunk,
As he is always on eavesdropping hike—
To be honest he has lost all his spunk.
Therefore stool pigeons and thieves are alike,
As for them a place of honor is the bunk.
Daylight they can not face—it is too bright,
So they must wait until way after dark
When they think every one is out of sight.
Their dirty errand for them is a lark
As to do harm to others is their delight.
They are like skunks—we don't know where they park.
So for honesty it's not an even fight.

They prowl around while we are sleeping,
It does not matter at what hours of the night
We can find these skunks in all places creeping
To invoice what they can steal and get away.
So every durn one that uses a stool pigeon
For honesty has not a durn word to say.
We should call that kind of flock buzzards,
As what they get from stool pigeon is corn
That only buzzards can use in their gizzard.
They know they are hated by an honest judge
As in their tales is only Grudge, Fudge, Smudge.

Imitation

An imitation is when the truth we fake,
As what enters in its conglomeration;
For disappointment sure takes the cake.
The fakers tell us it is just as good,
But we soon find out our great mistake,
'Specially when it comes in the line of food.
The imitation that we call fruit cake
Is not the kind of stuff to improve our mood.

Another is the one pretending to know the trade
Until we recognize that he is only an imitation,
As we can tell by the mistakes he made
That his work is not a sample of perfection.
Imitations are recognized in every craft,
Still they are used in all kinds of production
As imitation permits all kinds of graft.

Imitation has followed the people for ages
And probably since we discovered the monkeys,
But all the monkey business is not in cages
Because we find it upon all the markets.
As the book of true production we lost the pages
And only imitation is carried in our basket.
Imitation is the education we get at school
So as to know if we can make others believe
We don't know which of us is the biggest fool,
As the main thing is if we can deceive,
To heaven we have free transportation.

What If We Were All Alike?

What would happen if we were all alike?
The world would be in a hell of a mess,
As no one could go on a pleasant hike.
As for our identification we have to guess,
How could we tell which one to choose?
If every one would pick upon the same
Our temper we would be durn sure to lose,
And everyone would be playing the same game.

But supposing that it was the game of cheating
How could we tell who is the biggest crook?
As they would all use the same kind of baiting
To catch everyone on the same hook.
Oh, boy, what a job it would be for a traffic cop!
He would not know which way to look,
As everyone would be in the same kind of slop.

Therefore we should be glad of our chance
In having a variety in which we can select,
And that to the same music we don't have to dance.
It is our choice if others we wish to neglect
For their courtesy we don't have to pay in advance.
Our friend we can easily envoice
As very few in need respond to our call;
As of our downfall a great many will rejoice.
Therefore misfortune is often a pall
As the next time we can make better choice
Where friendship is sure of not to fall.

Our Vacation

Why do we anticipate a vacation?
It's because we are tired of resting,
Therefore we need hard work for recreation,
So our stomach can do better digesting
And improve our mental conglomeration.
For our vacation we plan many an outing,
But at home we have a lot of gratification
As a lot of our old stuff needs renovating,
Which we must take in our consideration;
And the many plants that we've been neglecting
Also need a part of our attention.
So the time passes out without jollification,
But it has improved our mental condition.
From our daily routine it has been a change,
As vacation for us was what we call real labor.

Of indigestion with health we made exchange,
As from our meals we could enjoy the flavor;
So for our next vacation plan not in advance
As it is too easy to change our mind.
We better wait until we get a better chance,
As opportunity sometimes is hard to find,
And we can't skip the chance of promotion.
All we can do must not be left behind,
As during vacation is time for investigation
And a great many worthless get the can
When for duty they have no ambition.

The Value of Dreams

Talk about dreams and disappointment,
When we dream that we find a sack of gold
And when we wake it's a sack of beans.
Of dreams we hate in the future to be told
Because if we have to eat them it's a scream,
As the forces of their explosion we must hold—
For others' benefit we must save the steam,
As for this and that we cannot be so bold
But it is only what happens in a dream.

To dream that we are in the best of health,
Then to wake up with aches and pains
Is not a good prognostic for our wealth
As our hopes in that dream are in vain.
To dream that we are single when we are not
Is another unpleasant situation to be in,
When next morning we got to hit the spot—
No wonder that we are getting durn thin.

But to dream that we are slender
When on our front we have a blimp!
What about the goose and the gander?
They all walk with the same limp.
So when we dream that we are fat
And do the stunt of the fox-trot
To others we look like a goose fox-trotting;
And we should learn the art of goose-stepping.
So after all dreams have very little meaning.

The Flapper of Both Sexes

A flapper we can find of many kinds,
But the cutest one is an old rooster
That has lost all the feathers out of his wing.
Among a lot of old hens he may be a booster,
As to something they must cling,
And with all other fools must parade.
Then the songs of the old gobbler they must sing
As with the rooster it is the same tirade
When with the same old hens they have to swing.

These fools try to imitate the peacock,
So they must have recourse to painting,
As the lustre of youth is no more in stock.
Of their natural looks they are ashame,
As age has disfigured their old block,
So of pretending they are not to blame,
But as we see them they could stop a clock.

When we listen to a bunch of flapper cackles
We know that their upper story is for rent,
As their brains have deserted their shackles
And all the rest is badly off to be gents.
With the chicken it is not quite the same,
As when they cackle they don't have to lay eggs;
But the old rooster must lay the cash,
Then it does not matter what he can flap
Just so that he is on time to pay for the hash.

The Beaches

At the beaches they don't have an orchard.
Anyway, there we can find all kinds of peaches,
So if we can't choose one we are hard to please.
To roll upon the sand they are easy to teach,
As with one-piece suit they can do it with ease.
Some of them look as if they are juicy,
Well matured and very tempting to steal,
Which we would in the orchard but not at the beach,
As there we can't get a square deal.

At the beaches we find many an old crab
That passes the peach market in review,
Which in each basket one they will grab
To put in reserve for the saving crew.
Then we and other kind that are too durn dry.
So they have to go in the water to soak,
As the common daily uses they cannot supply,
And for the gazer they are only a joke.

But the kind that every one likes the best
Are those that do not cling to the seed
So that the kernel can get a needed rest,
As with Hale peaches he cannot keep up the speed.
So when to the peach crop we give a test
It's durn hard to find what kind we like,
As the clinging kind is too hard to digest;
And to get other peaches we must take a hike
Where we may find the ones that we are in quest.

City Life

When a country dog goes to town
Every street and alley he must watch,
And every city pup will meet him with a frown.
If he stand trouble he will hatch;
He might as well go to the river and drown
As of his life he has made a batch.

But he forgot his collar, and the pound
For him was his last resort,
As hoping to get a new master
He might give city life another round.
If he could go the speed and a little faster
He was sure to get what was to be found.
So in his round he found a city shark
That was hunting for a country mate,
Because his jobs were all for after dark
After everybody had closed the gate,
So if anyone came around he had to bark.

Country dog in the shark had plenty fate
And accepted the invitation for a lark,
Providing that for meal it would not be late
But circumstance would have it otherwise,
As the city shark was a cheese hound;
So the trouble began to arise about the kind
And to country dog's surprise it was Limburger,
As it was the easiest kind to find.

But better acquainted with Hamburger
It was time for him to change his mind—
Go back to the country where the odor is not so bad.

The life in city is not all a glow,
As to make a living we must hustle;
To be the first in line we can't be slow,
So with the crowd we have to tussle,
Or else for us there's not a show.
All we get to eat comes in paper bags
For which we must expect to pay,
If the income of our monthly swag
Last for the whole run of thirty day.

We are in luck if upon the mat is not a tag,
As often to pay the rest we must delay.
To live in city it takes money or gall,
And for charges no one is to blame;
If for our service we have a call
They must know that we are in the game.
If we work too cheap in disgrace we fall;
But to get the dough is the road to fame,
As we are then able to pay our account,
Then with the rest we do as we please—
We put it in a bank in a small amount
But with a steady pull it will soon increase,
If we don't draw it out to go on a spree,
As the cities have plenty of inducement.

So don't forget that if you have a pedigree
Avoid the company of the inferior specimen
As with them it is all a losing game for us.

Cheese Hits

Of cheese we have numerous brands
But the best advertised we can guess
That it is Limburger cheese.
If the thrill from its odor we can stand
From the smell of feet will be at ease.
Is it possible that it would be good to eat
When to the sense of smell is a tease;
All other good senses it has beat.

If one don't believe it, try it on a cat—
He is durn sure to cover it for luck;
So to the cats human must tip the hat
As if in eating the odor we must buck,
Our appetite is sure to go deflunk,
As our stomach is durn sure to get stuck.
So it must be on the market just for fun,
As for value it has no reputation;
But for mischief it's like the Hun—
It is guilty of many a depradation,
As it has put many a smeller on the bum.

So if any one tell us that they love it
We can't believe that they tell the truth,
As when a cat does not think that it's fit
That to eat it we are worse than dumb brute;
And when we think of aromatic cheese
By all means we should try to forget it.

The Same Old Thing

Of the same old thing we get tired—
And specially of the same old song;
No wonder that we often get fired
When our job last too durn long.
The same ding-dong will get our goat,
And we don't know what has gone wrong,
That the durn old thing that we loathe
For the strength of our nerve is too strong.

Therefore to please other we take oath
To listen to the same ding-dong.
Let the women wear the pants and coat
If the durn things are not too long.
I guess all the men are in the same boat
Until the bells of heaven sound the gong,
And the angel will sing a different song
So any old thing for a change will do.

As long as we will be upon the earth
It will be all time the same old song
And if we go to heaven we can get in the Zoo,
Because while we lived we were not foxy
Enough to pick our own kind of chicken,
And in all our round we found only proxy
Don't you think that it beat the dicken?
That while we have done this and that
We should have done the other thing,

Because we have grown too durn fat
We have not been able to grow a wing,
So like the crow we must sing the same old song.

Company As It Is

Of company some time we have pleasure,
Specially when they don't stay too long,
As to entertain it takes our leisure
So we are always glad when they are gone,
As of hospitality they too often abuse
Therefore we are compelled to lose cordiality.

It is strange how some people will others use
By making their visit in time of importunity,
So their quality of brains we must excuse
Every chance that we have the opportunity,
As a great many have no business of their own,
Therefore are a nuisance in their community.
They do not care for the privacy of others
Into which they too often will intrude;
But if they were mind readers the visit would be shorter.
The pleasant visit is when they soon depart,
As of those we never have time to get tired.

The wish to do to others as we like them to do to us
Is a virtue that by common sense is admired,
As with the good sense of reason there is no fuss;
Therefore if before we impose our company
We must be sure that we are welcome,
So as the pleasure will be fifty-fifty—
And remember that we all have troubles of our own.

The Stock Agents

The stock agents are men that we hate,
From our experience of their depredation
From them the truth is out of date
As the concoction is from their invention.
For their shares they are never too late,
As they take it from the first collection
Which from what they sell gets the rebate,
Therefore are entitled to the reduction.

With their hot air induce us to invest
All we can of our hard-earned spot cash,
As of credit they have no contemplation
Because their aim is to settle our hash.
For their hot air there is no deduction,
As in their pocket book it would make a gash
So before we divest ourselves try investigation
About the hot air and the quantity of water,
And about the assets causing evaporation
Which is the loss of all the stockholders,
As of so doing is their great reputation.

Therefore we should learn to get wiser
Before investing in doubtful litigation.
The stock agents may accuse us to be miser
But to them we are not under obligation;
But if we have money to loan, loan it to Uncle Sam
As he is the only one that is sure to pay his bills.

The Naggers

A nagger is a pest that will get our goat;
Their tongue is always on the wag;
To be nagged is a ding-dong that we loathe,
Specially when we must hold the bag.
Peace and harmony is not in their coat,
As they are always chewing the rag.
If you got one you sure got a snag,
As of the price peace we can't find the tag.

Reason for them is out of season,
So we just as well take down the flag
And buy a supply of tin whistle
As upon the noise will have more effect.
But when their hair begin to bristle
You better hunt a good hiding place
Until the effects of brain storm cease.

Nagging must be a disease of the brain
That only good booze could appease
As it takes booze to run the spiritual train,
Because when the spirit gives them ease
We have a chance to go to sleep.
Then pray the Lord for their mind to sweeten
So their temper they are sure to keep;
To wake them up do not be in haste
As then to their face you can peep,
As then it is when they are at their best
When both of us can be at rest. So might it be.

The Two-legged Jackass

The two-legged ass we can describe
As a young buck that thinks he knows it all,
So we can bet that he is not a scribe
But he thinks that for his parade we call.
As all the style he must correctly describe,
And for the price of the latest it's a stall;
So to the world they are a useless tribe,
As all there is to them is their gall.

Those jackasses are not the kind that work,
As to stoop down to work they are too tall,
So they are only handy with the knife and fork
When to free meals they can give a call;
Which like other jackasses pay with their braying,
So we should have for them a special pasture,
As painted like a zebra they could be playing
Until their better senses could mature;
And teach them to earn an honest living,
Instead of beating their ways by choice,
Upon the sport model, it is not exaggerating,
But to see them disappear we would rejoice,
As they are about as useful as a peacock—
They have the shine but a hell of a voice
We can hear and smell those jackasses for a block.

The Latest Invention

The latest invention for our benefit
Has been discovered by Henry Ford.
He thinks that it will be just a fit,
So he make a contract with the Lord
To put one of his engines in our body
As he thought we were playing out;
And we know that to do good is his hobby,
With a new intake new vigor will sprout,
And the renovated exhaust will be handy
So that out of the body can blow the gout,
And our radiator distil our brandy,
As the engine is run by the spirit,
So he can save the gas for the blimp
And thinking that a big belly was just a fit
Such chances he could not easily crimp,
For fear that the Jews might get the profit
And use a Gentile belly to ride to heaven,
By using a star for safety valve in the rear.

They might replace gasoline with navy bean,
But they cannot infringe upon the new patent
Because Ford already makes wings for angels
And needs the blimp to haul them to heaven.
So it is up to the divine for transportation
As the Ford factory has no limitation,
Since that with the Lord invitation
We are going to have cheap salvation.

The Irish People

The Irish are proud of their race
Because it produced good old St. Patrick.
With him the whole world they can face
Therefore with their conduct has no kick.
For their sake out of Ireland banished snakes,
Which the Irish considered a dandy trick,
As snakes and frogs would keep them awake
So the next day they could not handle the pick,
Which made the Irish climb the road of fame
As with any broad tool they are pretty slick.

But don't forget they can play other game
As with the shillelagh they play shenanigan,
For which other than Irish have respect
As it was first introduced by an Irishman
To keep peace among those without intellect,
As upon the hardest head it would take effect.

But it's a durn pity they did not use it upon the Huns
When they stole all the Irish European prospect;
So to an Irishman the Hun is still a son of a gun
Now, as he did before he stole the cabbage
And the Irish out of beef has only the stew.
But some days upon the Huns they will put the screw,
As the Irish for assistance will get the Jew
As the Huns gave them both a dose of Hebrew
When they stole everything they had to chew.

Imagination

Imagination is good for Science,
To make believe what cannot exist;
As from the past of Christian Science
Is to believe that we are well
When we know durn well that we are sick.
Therefrom we can avoid any kind of spell
That would take us to the other world durn quick,
Which for some of us would sure be hell,
As if to our imagination we would stick.
From the pearly gates we could hear the bell
Unless we had a contract with old Nick
To dispose of our imaginable old shell,
Then of course Christian Science can't kick
As it was the best imagination they had to sell.

Imagination has played the world many a trick—
As for the imagination of grievance
Many lives in wars have paid the cost
As their imaginary enemy to their allegiance,
Imagining to regain what the big bums had lost.
So don't let your imagination run too high
Unless your ambition is to be hung,
So you can die nearer to heaven
Where there is no telling how badly you be stung
By the bumble bees of imagination.

The Clowns

The clowns are wise men to amuse the fools,
Because if it was not for their wise stunts
Our recreation would be like Sunday School
Where they teach us to die before we live,
Which is for our mind a hell of recreation.
But the clowns deserve what we give,
Because they amuse their congregation
With the fun, it teaches us how to live.

So after all, clowns and circus is a gratification
And life would be too serious without joke,
As the embarrassment of others is our jollification
And as long as we can have fun we have no time
to croak,
As the other world is only a mystification.

But to the children the clowns are angels,
Which we must recognize the signification,
As their merrymaking chases out the gloom
From the daily routine of sanctification;
While gloom is durn sure to drive us to our doom,
According to all religious pestification.

So it would be best if we had clowns to preach,
As their language would have more pacification;
And with lot of fun it would not be hard to teach,
So with good health we could have sanctification,
As heaven would not be so durn hard to reach
Because we would be in it to our satisfaction.

When we review the events of the past
We can realize all our mistakes.
From these we should take our lesson
So we would not be caught by other fake.
For the present to us is in sight,
Therefore our future hay we must rake;
Don't put off today for the tomorrow
As in the past we did forsake;
If we remember when we had to borrow
A many devil we had to make,
As to both of us brought sorrow.

For the future we must be prepared
As if we are caught again it be our fault;
Therefore of evils change the bill of fare;
The fakers will handle you with care;
All your mistakes they will explain,
That all your chances are very rare.
But remember what you have lost in vain—
Of all the cash that you had to spare,
When in the past you were caught
On all the damn stock you bought,
The good lesson you were taught;
And don't be the durn fool you have been
As in the old past when you were too green
Or the durn trap you might have seen.

The Grief of Loaning

Loaning out has many an inconvenience,
Because the borrowers forget the favor,
Therefore they are a durn nuisance,
Specially among the class of labor
As they will borrow all kinds of tool
And too often forget to bring back
Which out of the lender makes a fool,
As when he needs them he has an empty rack.

Beware as to who you loan your cash,
Because when you do you lose a friend,
As to pay back a friendship settle the hash,
Because what we lend is quickly spent,
And the promise is always for tomorrow
Until they forget that they should pay.

So when we loan for us it is only sorrow,
As all we get from borrower is the dodge;
And those imps are durn hard to follow
When they have joined the borrower lodge,
As then our time and cash is all wasted
The lessons of loaning are not easy to forget
And the real purpose of friend we have tasted,
Therefore ourselves we should not neglect
To secure the next friendship with mortgage,
So we can at least make them pay their debt.

To the Borrowers

Borrowing is a durn nasty habit,
As to the lender it's always grief,
Because when we borrow and forget it
The lender is sure to get mift.
So when you borrow be sure to return
Before the lender has time to get sore,
And the next favor may have to spurn
By having been forgotten in many score;
As to keep up the community is an expense
That we can't stand for ever more.
Specially borrowing on false pretense,
As we know that the debt we can't repay—
What can we say in our self defense
When we have lied in every cause of delay?

For the borrower it is the greatest offense
To pretend to have when they have not,
Which is the proof when we fail to pay;
So do not borrow on what is to be got,
Because credit we are durn sure to slay,
As of paying we too often have forgot,
And that we were using others' property,
Rather than to work for what we needed,
So we could have retained our liberty
And toward independence have succeeded.

Thrift

Thrift at indolence gets mift,
As with thrift it will not keep pace;
To lazy bonehead it is too swift,
So with it they cannot run a race.
For thrift many a life was spent;
The thrifty ones always hold the ace;
For earning a living they are bent,
So in thrift there is nothing to lose,
Only when lazy bone don't pay the rent
Then it is not for us to choose,
If in our thrift they have made a dent
Of resource of our incidental supply.

Thrift for wealth does not have to pray
As to thrift opportunity does not go by;
Take all the chances coming on its way;
Of dissipation it will keep very shy.
For nature they work most every day,
But to spendthrift this does not apply,
As for them nature has another gift.
When they run short of their earthly wealth
Their retribution comes very swift,
As they also often lose their health
And nothing laid up for cases of emergency,
So the spendthrift dies an unqualified death.

Hard Times

When we have hard times it's our fault,
Because when we have our chance to save
We forgot that we may fall to stave.
Then misfortune takes us by assault,
And hard times make us think of the past.
For what we have wasted in time of plenty
We must suffer as long as our lives last.

So hard times punishes us for our mistake
Of not having saved some for emergency,
As there is always a time when fortune is fake
If we have not a reserve of currency.
Therefore we should not spend in haste,
As the flame of youth will not always burn;
Then when we get old, hard times we must taste
As every season of life has its turn.

So when the body gets old it's stiff and sore,
As in youth we have also wasted our Energy
And for hard times we made the score.
Then at the higher power we get mift,
And to our kindred we become a bore,
As from them we expect continual gift
Which sooner or later makes them sore,
When in hard time themselves need a lift—
Then in a pauper grave our hard times are no more.

Leisure

Leisure has a great length of tape,
And at its end a big bunch of crime;
It may have been good for the ape,
As they did not die in their prime.
But for humanity time has its limits
To accomplish their full destination
Where at leisure can enjoy the spirit
Without the danger of incrimination.

If at leisure virtue we have slain
For the pleasure of our dissipation
Of vices we are certain to feel the chain
After having dissipated our treasure.
Health we also may seek in vain;
We are also judged by the company we keep,
Of which the stain upon us always will remain,
As upon all fours we may have to creep;
And work will surely give us pain,
As venereal disease takes hold mighty deep
And makes health impossible to regain.

So grow the fruits of pleasure and leisure
Which come from the disease of the brain
Every one of us have their choice
Into which classes they will entertain;
But of their conscience listen to the voice
If they are human it will lead to the right
As against all evils we must bravely fight.

Gambling

How can anyone make an honest living
If they undertake it by gambling?
As they must do a lot of cheating
Or else one half of the time be starving.
In gambling what do they give in return
Is for us to investigate the results
Which to humanity is an insult
Far beyond common understanding.
The idea of getting something for nothing
Puts the gamblers in the rank of vermin
Which are not of God's creation
Consequently belong to the other guy,
Where they can expect their reincarnation
So a ticket to hell they won't have to buy.

Many go there when they commit suicide,
While others go to the penitentiary,
Because the moral laws they did not abide
In gambling with what belonged to others,
And the deficiency they could hide.
Therefore gambling is a criminal mother
As it teaches her children to cheat one another,
Instead of following a useful occupation.
So in gambling we have everything to lose,
And we are lucky if we can save our life,
As very often the gambler gets it like a goose
In the neck with a noose and not with the axe.

Living Upon Installment Plan

Why do we have to live in installment?
The problem is very easy to solve:
Just because of saving we were scant
So our wages in our hand did quickly dissolve,
And for every pleasure we were bent,
Instead of saving for our future plans.
But what did we care for nickel and dime,
As long as we could get a shave and shine?
With all the rest we could have a good time,
So when the time came to take a bride
Our foolishness we must surely hide,
As our future mother-in-law will sting our pride.

The first installment will be the rent,
Which in our small savings makes a dent;
Then we realize what it takes to be a gent,
So when the last dollar we have spent
Under the load of installment we are bent.
Then we realize that we are only a slave,
And instead of a flat we should have a cave,
So our pocketbook could not fall to stave,
And we could also learn how to save,
As it is only the beginning of our trouble,
Since our expenses are more than double.
Then we have time to realize our mistake,
And that installment is damn sure a fake.

The Night Hawk

The night hawk we can easy tell,
As late in the day they will sleep,
And their company are all imps of hell
For their prey in dark alleys they creep,
While honesty has the sleeping spell.
The depredations of night hawks are steep,
As they enter many doors without the bell,
And with their claws everything will grab
As nothing escapes their mighty call,
And for honor they are just like a crab—
They pinch what they can until they get pinched
As night hawk the police often will nab
Because they are in places that are not right.

Night hawking will lead anyone to his doom.
At everything that is right they have a spite,
And all they carry with them is only gloom.
So the night hawks are hard customers to reform,
As all the trials we have made were in vain,
Because the night is the only time they perform,
Which leaves upon their conduct many a stain;
And a place requiring honesty they cannot fill,
As honesty raps against the night hawk's grain.
But sooner or later of justice they must pay the bill;
They soon lose their ill-gotten gain,
And for their cussedness they must swallow the pill
And so is the end of those that have no brain.

Part II

What Is the Trouble?

Yes, that is what we like to know;
We would like to get rich too durn quick
But our ways of getting the stuff are slow
And those that got it are pretty slick,
So the most of us have not a durn show
As when we get a few dollars to make 'em stick.
The other guy gives them a hell of a blow
Because in his fist he holds the golden brick,
So over us he has a durn good chance to crow;
Then the trouble is that we can't kick,
So when the boodle comes we have to let her go.

Another trouble, we expect too much of tomorrow
And take too durn many an obligation;
Then it's hell when we have to borrow
Which causes more trouble and complication.
Then the other fellow wants to know what's the trouble,
If he is the durn fool that went on our note;
For his accommodation his troubles are double,
So we have the trouble to change our route,
Which is durn hard with our reputation,
And our credit is all gone up the spout.

Our trouble might have been dissipation,
Which causes a lot of trouble beyond a doubt;
So if we wish to avoid trouble it is best
Not to bite off more than we can chew.

Explanation of Parasites

Of parasites we have many a sample;
We feel their gnawing in many ways;
From lice and fleas they take example,
Absorb our daily substance every day
As their greatest resource is hot air
With it for everything they will pay.
As to parasite, the cheating game is fair;
If anyone has a dollar to pay their way
The parasite must take the biggest share.

Why did not science realize the outlay
Before honest-faring men are in their snare,
Instead of science assisting the breed
In giving them the education of leeches
And the imitation of all greed and creed,
Which parasites join to make their speeches,
As only of good for nothing they have the speed.

If nature to their mouth had put more stitches,
A safety valve for hot air is all they need
And for good reason we could turn the switches
Of parasites we would soon lose the seed.
An antidote for parasites we must prepare,
As warning they do not intend to heed;
And patience we have not much to spare—
Give the antidote while we are in the lead,
As to buck they will not dare
If Old Nick has them in his infernal care.

False Pretense

False pretenders are usually a sponge
That absorbs out of others all they can;
For them the truth is not legal tender,
So that the suckers can easily understand
Why we call them false pretender.

There is one kind that will a friend flatter
Until they have gained their concession,
But really our welfare to them does not matter,
As pretending is their profession.

We have another kind which pretend to be rich,
Which in pretending are making display;
And really what they possess is the itch
Which for scratching their bill they must delay.

We have another one that always forgets his purse
When in company it is his turn to pay;
Of course his purse has a lady nurse
And when pay day comes she has her way.

So pretending to the world is a curse
As out of it they have made it a profession
To make believe what is not so is false pretense,
Therefore to tell the truth is not their intention;
But of as many lies as they can dispense
The pretender has made a grand resolution
To never tell the truth for the cash
If he had a chance to tell a lie on credit,
So we that don't pretend better watch our safe deposit.

Vanity

Vanity is a sin hard to explain,
As there is no motive for self defense;
So it must be a disease of the brain,
And not a habit of common sense.
But when vanity holds a fool in its chain
They will use a lot of false pretense,
As in its practice there is nothing to gain—
It causes unnecessary, foolish expense
That has caused a great many downfall;
To vanity many sacrifice their health
For the superiority of the new styles,
Which on account of imaginary wealth
Upon their conscience greater sins must file
As of morality vanity settles the hash.

For everything that shines vanity will smile
And from the pangs of hunger bear the lash
So to be durn fools they are surely a star
As only the insane will fall for a flash,
Which without the cash does not go very far,
As it is not long until the final crash
Puts some of them behind some kind of bar—
Either the insane asylum or the jail,
As vanity trades in those bonds at par,
And in either one they get a free dinner pail,
With a free ride in either one of their car
Until some one will be willing to go their bail.

Speed

It is right for us to speed
To go to anyone's rescue,
As some time we may be in need,
And we can get help if we pay our due.
Speed is all right in its place
But at times we should be slow,
As when danger we must face
For safety we must have a show.

At times we should speed for wealth,
When we have the best of opportunity,
So as not to be detrimental to health
Which is one of our best affinity.
We should not speed in spending,
As we may regret it at our leisure
When over our task we are bending,
Of spending we lose the pleasure.

Do not speed while in the darkness,
As there might be obstacles in the way
Of which we might feel the sharpness
Before having time of choosing our way.
Don't be in a hurry to commit suicide,
As upon the earth we have not long to stay,
Because when we reach the other side
We might wish that we had more to say.
So when you speed be sure of the road
And not carry a too durn heavy load.

Laziness

Of laziness enough cannot be said,
As it is the worst kind of disease;
The enormous price it has to pay
On account of the amount of decrease
Of man with a backbone to work;
It would amaze the pride of our nation,
Their only tools are the knife and fork
When they are dissecting their ration,
Which they do not get because they earn it,
But just because it is for humanity's sake.

For a day's work they are not rightly fit,
Because they can hardly stay awake;
They are always hunting an easy job,
As to help Mother Nature they are a fake.
In killing time business they will rob,
As their honor is not hard to break.

Laziness spreads the germs of contagion
To those having their honor at stake,
So if we have respect for others' opinion
The lazy one we must entirely forsake.
To reform them is out of the question,
As filth out of them is all we could rake,
Which they have the great reputation,
So let them go to hell to bake
And of their sins get their absolution.

Is laziness a sin or a disease of the mind?
If it is the way like we understand,
The lazy are always left behind.
If they expect to reach the promised land,
They must expect a lot from their nerve,
As Nature they cheat to beat the band
And reward they do not justly deserve.

Their excuses the Master will refute
When their merit will be put on the stand,
So when they go they better take a parachute
To meet the endless fall down below.
For them there is no excuse or substitute;
To eternal damnation they must go
As the King of evils will not restitute
The subjects of his affiliation.
All their faults to him are points of merit,
As they support his ornery constitution;
For higher sphere they were not fit
Because of what was just they objected.

They had no use for godly spirit;
Good occupation they always rejected,
So they have no one to blame for falling
In the line of those that were ejected.
The imps of hell will enjoy their calling
As the laws of Nature they have not respected.

Jealousy

To be jealous is to be a durn fool,
Which in its fits causes many a crime,
Because jealous brains are never cool,
Therefore upon that sin the sun never shines.
And for the digging of our grave it's the tool
As every jealous idiot dies in his prime.

The madness of jealousy causes indigestion
And also causes many tears to innocent soul
Which to us had no contemplation
As our imagination led us beyond the goal.
Jealousy is also the cause of many a separation
From quarrels that jealousy had started,
As all durn fools have their contention
And with the best they have are easily parted,
As the deepest love cannot respond to jealous fits.
The incident that memory will constantly recall,
As jealousy and married life never make a hit,
Because if both are jealous, Oh, boy, that is all.

If the man is jealous for spying he loses his job,
As the bug of jealousy is constantly on his mind,
And his pulse like a Waterbury watch will throb,
Then always search for what he cannot find.
But if the woman is the one—the devil is to pay!
As in every other woman she sees a rival,
So the old man has no time to get gay.

Jealous people should be in asylum,
As they are too dangerous at large,
Because for antidote we have no serum,
As to cure them it would take a barge
Where in the ocean we could give them a dip
And leave them in without extra charge.

When anyone is jealous let them skip;
For the jealous there is neither peace nor rest,
As the bugs of jealousy are in perpetual motion,
So their food they cannot easily digest.
But it's to the others that they give indigestion,
And so far we have no cure for that kind of disease,
But we hope to find some kind of vaccination
That will at least give the patients ease,
As jealousy is a continual vexation
And is just as bad as Limburger cheese.

The scent of a skunk will stop a dog from hunting—
Why not try it upon these jealous stunts,
As all present would make speed in departing,
And jealousy for them would be all the bunk.
So we should not despair of finding a remedy
As the two odors combined would be a honk
And the whole mixture a great comedy
At the expense of that durn jealousy.

Wisdom Comes Late

We recognize wisdom after sowing wild oats,
Which we harvest some time before old age,
By finding out that we have been the goat,
As from the old books we have turned each page
To find the Energy we have squandered in vain.
We then realize the price of our mistake
When rheumatism tantalizes us with pain
Which most of the nights keeps us awake.

At our leisure we can review the past,
And that sooner we should have put on the brake,
As our health would not have gone so fast
If we had not been in such a durn haste
To squander instead of Energy preserving
That for our pleasure has gone to waste.

With wisdom we could enjoy the saving,
But in youth wisdom is not to our taste
As we are too durn full of nonsense,
And don't realize that we are wasting;
But when wisdom opens the gate of sense,
We change the place of our parking,
So as not to be punished for the same offense.

Therefore we let others do their own barking
As long as we don't have to pay the expense.
With wisdom we have business of our own,
And to attend to others is not our intention,
Because we have enough to reap what we have sown.

Fear

Fear is the greatest enemy of man.
In fear he is afraid of his shadow,
And darkness he cannot stand,
As it chills him to the marrow,
Why, he cannot understand
That he may die tomorrow—
Don't it beat the band?

If our mind was not out of gear
The object of our fear we could find;
If we were not afraid to go near
To reality we are too often blind,
As our imagination is on myth
From the old stories we were told.
From peace and happiness we lose the pith
It's why our grit is so easy sold.

To be afraid when death is near
Will not help us to live any longer,
So there is no use to shed our own tear
And to search for reality we'd be stronger.
Why should we be afraid of eternity
If our conscience is at its very best?
We are then sure to get our equity,
So to fears we should give a rest
As a coward is nothing but a pest.

The Gospel Dealers

What we do know about gospel dealers
Is that they are not out for their health,
But like all the rest just for the money.
Of some churches we know their wealth,
And for the rich they are all honey,
As if they can get on the pay roll
They have all the rest by the tail.

The hypocrisy of trying to save the soul
Is a story that is getting very stale,
As to save one it takes too much gold.
In giving a truthful explanation they failed
So to their bunk the world is getting cold.
Their old cart of gospel is still drawn by jackass;
For modern time they have lost their pep
And since we can go to heaven with an airplane
The old ass' cart has lost all his rep.

But if they can run their cart with hot air
They may be able to gain a few more step,
As for them everything should be fair,
Because they have taught the world how to pray,
Which is hard work for one day of the week.
The other six they must have to play
Their combination is pretty sleek.
For the youngster the goose pill is a fake,
So they renege when it comes to pay the bill;
But we trust that the goose made no mistake
When in our nest she laid the pill.

Foreign Missions

In foreign missions we made mistakes
Because our representatives were not diplomats.
They forgot the lesson of give and take
And their minds were off the stand path,
Not undestanding the difference it would make
For people that never took a bath,
As upon themselves had all the local vermin,
Which was enough for them to swath
Without the missionaries' warning
How could they listen to this and that
When the little vermin upon them were biting?
The salvation of their skin was first in mind,
As in hell they were already sitting,
And did not wish to discover another kind.

So if the mission had provided for the pest
To their heaven they would gladly ascend
As from vermin they sure needed rest,
So missionaries would at least pretend
To give other religion their request.
They would not the whole world offend,
As for all nations it would be best
If to our own conversion we would attend,
As so far our methods don't stand the test,
Because we have too many different vermin
That every congregation will infest
With their pretension of sanctified learning.

Revelation

Revelation is a gift of Nature to man
Which, by investigating the evolution
Of what has happened in the past,
He may obtain a slight solution;
Therefore he pretends to forecast
About our future prospect of salvation.

Some claim revelation direct from God
Under the name of divine inspiration,
Which for some reason is very odd
That they only could get communication.
Is it not strange that they do not last
Until we have other new revelation?

A new way for modern kids we must blast
As the old road is out of commission.
Of the old books they have closed the pages.
Therefore new revelation must be written,
As getting rich is all for the sages
While the rest of humanity is smitten
By their continual demands for gold.
So the truth must have been frost bitten,
That is why the people are getting cold;
So the greatest majority expect hell
Which should warm up their feeling.
Specially if those saints ring the bell
Where their skin will be at the peeling
If old Nicodemus can stand their smell.

Christianity

Christianity would be sublime
If the dollar was not the only God,
As from the poor gets every dime
Under the false pretense of charity,
So all the leaders can have a good time
And the believers their reward in eternity.

With all the scare of burning hell
They get the cash for their commodity,
As where it goes no one will tell,
So it must pass through the fraternity.
Upon ignorance they have put a spell
And for the wise infidel it's iniquity,
It is queer the stuff they got to sell
Which does not date from antiquity.
But every one must respond to the bell,
If of heaven they wish their equity,
Where they are sure of not coming back,
Or else for the leading church members
It would not fit their plan of security,
As the truth has been long upon the rack
To keep the multitude in greater obscurity,
So if one at the truth peeps he gets a whack
That will send him to greater affinity;
But if he did not build his shack
He will not be received by the divinity.
Oh, my, what an effort it is for Christianity
To send this multitude to heaven!

Charities Explanation

Charity, we should understand,
Is not only to give a nickel or a dime,
Then of gossip we join the dirty band.
Charity should be practiced every time
When in other people's affairs we meddle
In what to us does not concern,
Then lots of our imagination we peddle,
As of charity we have the wrong intuition,
Because we have forgotten the Golden Rule,
And the right use of charity is no gratification.

Of charity we should understand the sense,
As selfish charity is only to advertise
That upon others we hold a franchise,
So they cannot censure us otherwise,
When under the cloak of hyprocrisy we disguise.
While true charity is to please our feeling
Which gives us the only real intoxication,
As it gives us a different pleasure than that of reeling
And is to our neighbor a greater satisfaction.

Modern charity is an expensive process
As the biggest part we give takes a recess
When the funds pass through the daily press,
Which charity agents usually must confess
That they have sent the goods to the wrong address,
As themselves are entitled to the first blessing.

The Salvation of Our Souls

How can we redeem our souls from hell
With the world full of infections,
And that with every breath we must smell
The odor of all kinds of corruption?
No wonder that in disgrace we fell
Having no leaders to teach salvation,
For the same old yarns they must tell,
To please nutty old-time congregation.

So the name of truth we must learn to spell
Before we can give the past ratification;
And so far we are all in reason infidel
To the greatest number of denomination,
As the apostles to us are an example,
By giving each creed a different explanation,
Causing the building of so many a temple
Where they expect to sell their salvation.

No wonder that so many fell in disgrace
If righteousness was not in their education;
How can they our Grand Master face
If they have not learned His identification?
And truth could not be found in either place,
So religion is the cause of our mortification
As each sect pretends to hold the four aces,
So they must have cheated in the deal
And the losers were among all the races,
As with each opportunity wealth would steal
And now it is too late for us to squeal.

How can we expect the salvage of our soul
If while we live we do not build the mansion?
With righteousness we may reach the goal,
If wealth for us had no corruption.
The higher spirits will take us in their fold,
But to deprive others of their just salvation
For ours we will be left where it's not so cold.

Our Energy we must take in consideration
As it will take us farther than all the gold,
So if for the heavenly domain we have inclination
Our own path we can choose without being told,
As to build our intended heavenly mansion
We must not be mistaken in our plans.
If any units of Energy we wilfully destroy,
Upon our chances we surely put a bann.
What can we expect if of Energy we made a toy?
There will be none to reach the distant land.

Remember that our wealth cannot leave the earth,
And we must go back the way we came,
As our bodies are just a bunch of dirt
That is sure to go back to Mother Earth;
And that with Energy we must not flirt,
If we expect to reach the higher altitude,
To receive our spiritual recompensation
For the Master of Energy has our gratitude
By giving us the means of eternal preservation.

The Churches

The churches would be all right
If they were up to modern time,
But the old-time religion is out of sight—
All there is to it is to collect our dime,
And forcing us with all their might
To kneel down while we are in our prime.
With a long face with them we should pray
That the imps of hell should die,
So they could not lead them astray
While the present is a more important fact
And the discussion of eternity is too far away.

If a congregation they must continually detract
So as of their wealth they can pave the way;
They must trot out some other kind of fact
As the truth they can't much longer flay.
All the old stories have been too long in use;
Like their originators of long ago are in decay;
They may think that they are playing the deuce
As long as they can have their sway.
And with the same old gobble are here to stay,
With their false promises are trying to seduce
The ignorant that are able to foot the bill,
As some do not know the difference of ages
So they swallow all kinds of concocted pill,
As of other books of learning or new pages
Still the same old grind in the same old mill.

Our Damnation

The gates of hell we must describe,
As for many of us it is not hard to tell;
For its upkeep every day we subscribe,
And when our pocket book is empty it's hell.
It is the key of the principal gate
And of all the good of life we get is the smell,
When in distress we understand our fate
As to the house of comfort no use to ring the bell.

For credit we have chance for debate
As our word is all we have to give in exchange
So if we can't find anyone willing to donate
Towards the gate of hell we are bound.
Then temptation lays in all the nooks,
Because of the battle of life we lost every round;
The sale of souls has made many crooks—
We can hear their groan in every sound.
If the glutton had not made such abuse
Of what was intended for other destination,
Their health they would have had in return,
So for them it is also hell and damnation,
As in misery they will have to burn
In the ways of flatulence and indigestion.
Therefore at the gate of hell every one has his turn,
Where Satan will pat them upon their back,
For being such fools to jump in his sack;
So it's hell all around and every one gets a whack
When misfortune at us takes a crack.

Fanaticism

A fanatic is a dangerous fool;
As when his crazy mind is set
He does not give his brain time to cool.
All his senses of reason are to let,
And of his creed he is the tool.
Any other teachings to him are in vain,
As with the loony bunch he went to school;
So only a fool can ride in his train.

To clear the fog of their hallucination
They would have to get a new set of brain,
So as to remove the corruption
That they received with their education,
And a fool never changes his loony mind,
As mythology is all in those institutions.
Among their teachers we can find
Only nuts full of all kind of superstition,
And out of the same mill they will grind
All the pupils to their subordination.

So if those fools ever go to heaven,
We better let them have the place;
As that bunch of mutts are so craven
That our Lord we could not face,
As we are not of the same kind of breed,
So it will be a damn close shave,
If the Lord has room for all the creed,
As if for each kind a place He must save
More than a twenty-story He will need.

Praying

Can anyone make a living by praying?
Good sense tells us that it can't be done.
But if we have long ears upon our dome
In the earthly meadow we can be playing
Until the time comes for us to go home.

Praying may be good to ease our mind,
But for a living it sure takes the cake;
Those that bray are not hard to find,
As for those that bray, cakes it does not take.
But those that pray are of a different kind;
An easy living by praying they try to make
Off them that work more than they can stand,
As for all the asses hay they must rake.
If the true prayers we could understand,
Their meaning would not all be fake;
As all true praying is done by work,
And in helping Nature in producing
What we have use with our knife and fork.

The kind of prayers that sinners are offering
Out of holy spirits takes out the cork,
As the rotten stuff that they are introducing
Has not benefited the human being.
Immorality is every day increasing,
As the true prayers they will not swing;
Therefore to hypocrisy the Lord cannot respond.

Pray for Yourself—It's Cheaper

The idea of anyone to pray for us
For imaginary sin that we committed,
Of good sense we have no surplus,
As if we have grievance to be submitted,
We should be able to pray for ourself,
Or pay the cost when our sins are remitted,
Because if the Lord put them upon the shelf,
Our forgiveness may be omitted.

Then the money we have paid for prayers
Will not take us to the Promised Land,
As that place is a long way from the earth
And those promises we cannot understand.
If we are entitled to another birth,
It may be in some of the other planets,
Where with the movie stars we can flirt
Until we fall into some other drag nets.

It depends a great deal upon our merit,
And the list of credit for our assets;
So if we wish to go to heaven not to forget
That heaven is only for the benevolent,
And that hell is for the other miscreant.
So to do good is for us to choose,
As it takes time to build a place in heaven;
And while we live we have no time to lose,
As sooner or later when our spirit departs
The whole of us will go back whence it came.

Old-Time Religion

In the old-time religion
It was not hard to awake the spirit,
As everybody brought it along.
When the preacher got in the pulpit,
Saying "Brothers, let us sing the song;
Praise the Lord for giving us corn."

And it's the stuff to make booze
That makes sinnerss toot their horn,
As the spirits out of them ooze
And religion gets in by storm.
They are all set for heaven,
And with the spirit they can fly.

The deacon shoots for seven
And if the preacher is not too dry,
He will say, "There, come 'leven,"
To get them or the reason why.
And they all had a good time.
Singing and shouting to the sky,
As everything they made into rhyme
When the old spirit gave the supply,
For the old-time religion
Everybody for it would apply
As it was good enough for all.

Talk about old-time religion!
Its revelation comes to us
Like the product of Henry Ford.
For common use it's a good old bus,
As long as a better one we can't afford.
Then we must ride the old pile of rust
As long as we can stand upon its board.
It's like religion—it was good enough for dad,
But in a Ford he did not have to ride,
As long as he could ride the old mule,
And the old saddle could stick to his hide.

Of old-time he could obey the rule;
To the mule his life he could trust,
And he did not have to buy a lot of junk
That of speed limits he could adjust
Better than the religious bunk.

Now at the old relic we can peep
If of modern style cut too big a hunk
Of which the cost is very steep
So we better look out, not to be sunk,
As now the old ruts are pretty deep.
And, like religion, the old car is kerflunk
And to heaven we can go in a blimp,
So to get there we don't have to honk
And give the old saint a great surprise
Of the great improvement in salvation.

Can We Get To Heaven?

I guess we can if we know the way,
And don't accept monkeys for guide;
Our own expenses we can pay;
To our conscience we must abide,
And follow its sublime dictation,
Because if we try to follow others,
They may lead us in the wrong direction.

About our present divines do not bother,
As among them is too much corruption;
All they preach for is the mighty dollar,
So heaven does not receive their appeal,
As heaven is not only wearer of white collar,
Because many of them will have to squeal
When they arrive to the brink of eternity,
For having pulled too many a nasty deal,
Causing the use of many words of profanity.

Heaven demands righteousness from the age of reason,
And for sinners there is absolutely no immunity,
Because if anyone is a confounded reprobate
He must go to hell with all his affinity,
As it takes all our life for sanctification,
So we can become a part of our chosen divinity.
If we expect to go to heaven only by praying,
We certainly will be fooled in our anticipation,
As we will be left in the lower field braying
With all the other animals wearing a long-ear bonnet.

For us to reach heaven it's no use to try
Unless we are Seventh Day Adventist;
We are predestinated in hell to fry—
For them the Lord has a reserve list,
As they have earned the place, and why?
Because they have been eating nuts
That grow nearer to the sky,
And have turned into lots of mutts,
So that for hell they are too shy.

The Sabbath is their great ding-dong
Which is Saturday because the Lord was Jew,
Is for them the only possible reason,
So the rest of us are in a hell of a stew,
Because we know that nuts are out of season
And like them eat spinach for the dew,
So to fly we could stand the lesson.
Gee! Won't the Lord have a lovely crew!

I guess He better propagate his nut orchard,
And be sure to protect them from the Zoo,
As all monkeys love to play with nuts,
And the Adventist would have the monkey to shoo.
The elephant would eat all the peanuts
While the Adventist observed the Sabbath.
But how about our ancestor, the cave man?
He did not even have time to take a bath,
For chasing all kinds of mutts off his land;
But he forgot the mutt that feeds on Sabbath.

The Spirit of Revival

The preachers would like to know
Why revival can no more hit the spot;
They have taken out the best of the show—
When they had liquor sinners came hot,
As of the spirit they had a glow
And for shouting they were on the dot.

Many of them to heaven could fly
When the spirit flew to their head;
Of religious spunk they were not shy
Of glorification religion would spread.
With the jug of spirit on their side
They were not afraid of Satan's imps,
Because the old white mule they could ride
And of the road of heaven they had a glimpse.

The angels could not resist their shout
So the gates were open to let them in,
As with the spirits they could not bout—
The spirits had chased away all sin,
And had put the right color to their snout
Before they had to ride upon the water cart.
Older religions used water to baptize,
But with the spirits they would not part
With it the sinners could be hypnotized,
So that toward heaven they could start
Before they were entirely dead at heart,
I tell you them old guys were smart!

The Modern Sinners

The modern sinners discovered a new road—
It's a short cut leading to heaven,
If we don't carry a too heavy load
Of the dollar that we had stolen,
While on our earthly abode
The worship of the golden calf
That was practiced by some Jews
Is sophisticated by more than half
That the righteous are very few.

The golden calf has become a fad,
So Satan has the biggest crew;
There is no chance for godly lad,
As upon moral vices put the screw.
So it is in the fault of our dad
For disobeying the sound of the curfew,
As evil lurks mostly in the night.
Why should we of salvation dispose
When the truth is out of sight,
And to greed and creed cannot oppose?

For a change we cannot soon expect
Until of all this nonsense we get our dose
For common sense there is no respect
As long as we can be led by the nose.
The extermination of sins has no prospect;
Vices we dare not openly expose,
And our greatest duty we must neglect,
So after all is over we may get our repose.

Sin and Sinner

We would like to know what is a sin.
The greatest one is to be broke,
As our chances for heaven are slim.
It is a sin to work ourselves to death,
But it's root hog or die for the most
While others fill their guts until out of breath.
It's a sin to cheat Nature out of her due;
To gobble up the produce of the earth
To the detriment of those working for you.

It is a sin to squander for palaces
When some of us have no place to dwell,
And nothing to cover the old carcasses.
If it is not a sin we may think it's hell
As a few eat all the best out of nuts
But the one that grows them only gets the shell;
And for all of that the Lord pays the bill.
In His name we all get the beggars' call,
As the dough goes fast in their mill;
To their prayers thinking we should fall.

Loafing brings them many deserved ills,
So laziness is the greatest sin of all,
As everyone have their place to fill,
So of not working they have their gall.
The fruits of sins are damnable pills
For those that must wear a pair of overalls.

Is it all sin what is called sin?
For most of us it's hard to believe
The explanation is too confused and dim.
For what we pay and do not receive
Our patience is full to the brim.
For a long time we have been deceived,
Therefore credulity has been trim
In listening to a lot of hot air
That all communities have been infested.
To the truth the deal is not fair;
The gold diggers have us bested.

But are they justified in the act
In getting all under false pretenses;
If with Satan they have not a pact,
We the simple minded pay the expenses,
Without demanding reasonable explanation
No right we have in our self defenses.
If we abide by their senses of dictation.

Why not of Christ follow the example?
Of wealth He resisted the temptation;
Drove all these merchants out of the temple;
Sent them all to hell and damnation.
The same offense is a sin for all,
So there is use in discrimination,
And for all might we should not fall,
As we can see the light of our destination.

Old Revival Songs

To revive the old spirit
We have composed this song.
To religion we must give credit
As to its strain they must come along.
For the old spirit to revive
We have fourteen cases of Bible
Ready for when the sinners arrive,
So they will have some to take along
From their texts we understand,
It is written on every page
The classification of the brand.

If you don't believe it's true, come along;
Open the Bible and give it a test;
It will make you smack your lips—
Of the old brand it is the best,
So if you wish a Bible you better come along;
The spirits are going fast,
And you will have to hurry.
Sinners, this chance is the last;
So if you are dry you better come along.
With the spirit we can rejoice
Before going to distant land;
Listen to the angels' sweet voices
Calling us to play with the band.
What is the use for us to wait?

The Bibles are all gone;
The fish got all the bait.
So we all just as well go along.

Epitaph of the Old-time Religion

For the old-time religion
They had booze to revive the spirit,
And now to sing they are too dry.
Around the mourning bench they sit
Waiting and waiting for new supply,
So dry that they cannot spit,
As the old religion is gone by.

Water is all they have to drink
That frogs used to take their bath;
No wonder the songs were croaking,
Having no more spirit in their path.
Religion is dead upon the mat.
If the spirit is not revived soon
They will be crazy as a bat,
And liable to fly to the moon
Or, like Noah, hunt for Ararat,
For the sake of old-time religion
That is a thing of the past;
But it was damn good as long as it lasted
If our future hopes are not blasted—
Call again, old-time religion.

Creeds

Creeds are various institutions
Invented to please each opinion,
As we must have more than one to choose
There could not be hell and damnation,
And of all the choice we would lose
The selection of our future destiny.

Some of us believe in reincarnation,
While some in the heavenly mansion,
And to some Satan is their affinity,
As they play hell for recreation,
And no one knows what is sanctification.
If from heaven they could come back
To give the sensible explanation,
Creeds could no longer hold the sack
For the dues of their pretension.

So in darkness we may have to stay;
As long as creeds have right of salvation
It will be impossible to banish creed,
And for us the devil will be to pay.
Creed and greed of heaven have the deed,
Therefore we must stay in darkness,
As the imposters are here to dwell;
But what is the use of having light,
If we can retain the sense of smell;
And we have a rotten combination
That out-stinks the stink of Denmark.

Greed

Greed is what we call a sin,
As we get more than we need,
But a greedy gut wishes he was tin
As of hell he sure has the deed.
An imp of greed is all for himself,
As of damnation he sows the seed;
Everything must go on his shelf
And the grief of others he does not heed.
To get the stuff no matter how he gets it
For others need he does not care,
As the losses of others are to his benefit,
So of all he must get the biggest share.

Those that are greedy cannot be honest,
As what belongs to us is only what we earn;
Therefore we should have our request,
To greed the lesson they would learn—
That of his skin we are in quest
So his durn carcass be easy to burn,
Or in hell where he could invest
The greed that the world would spurn.

As to Mother Nature we have the same equity,
Therefore greed should have a limit,
So as to give more justice to equality.
Greed should remember starving humanity
Is caused by their damnable rapacity
And, hell is too good for their affinity.

Seventh Day Adventist

Why the Adventist worships on the seventh day,
It was handed down by the seven sages
In explaining the seven deadly sins
Which is written upon the holy pages
To be read by worshippers every seventh day,
So they could receive the seven gifts
And avoid the seven day fever
That had put seven of them to sleep
For over two hundred years is clever,
So of heaven they could get a peep
In sleeping seventy-three thousand days.

During that time they had many dreams,
Which were mostly of eating nuts,
Because the spirits hate navy beans
Which is food only good for mutts
That have a good condenser for steam.
In a dream they discovered the seven hills of Rome
Representing the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost,
And Peter sitting upon the tip-top stone,
Trying to whittle another hitching post,
Which was badly needed to tie the craft
As the best crop of nuts he had already lost,
Because in religion there was too much graft.
So the Adventist by eating nuts saves the cost,
And that for heaven they can get a draft
Where they can have the fun of rolling coconut.

Insanity

The insane are not all in asylum,
As many fill the highest position,
And of the sane regulate the pendulum
Which eventually sours their disposition.
When the nuts have the pick of the plum
Those fools are easy to recognize
By the size of hats they try to wear.
From them mental capacity does not arise,
As it all evaporates with their hot air.

So of their brains they have only the cells,
And the gray matter has fallen down below,
Where it is irritated by the smell
For which the greatest majority has to bow.
Then we wonder what has become of our sense,
When we have to accept their dictation,
For which we must pay all expense.
If of those nuts we could export
The nut market would not be so dense.

But of the quality they would soon report
That of the nut was only the hull.
But we could repair our great mistake—
In the next shipment examine the skull
By upon them giving a durn good whack
To make sure that they were sound,
As in the other shipment they were crack
And they had lost all their rebound,
Or else they would send them back in sack.

Doctor Path

The first kind is the D. D.path,
Because of heaven he discovered the path.
Asclepiade to clean them made them take a bath.
And Hippocrates made a greater hit with pills.
But Christian Science cures all the ills
While the others what they can't cure they kill.
The Osteopath only gives them the drill,
But the Chiroprath have more skill,
Because they know how to collect the bill.
The homebrewpath his own stuff distill,
So of stimulant he get his fill,
While the Newropath chase them up the hill
If of the trail they can find the path;
But they all need the Kinopath
To clean out between the slats.
So if Nature can find all the paths
The patients won't need any Rough on Rats,
As now to cure we have enough sanctified cats
That will make the patients crazy as bats
Which direct from heaven get them off the mat.
We know the D. D. can't beat all that,
So to all that healing procession we tip the hat,
As with all that skill the disease we must swat
And no more ailments will be in our path.

The Modern Arts of Healing

Has science produced any new art in healing?
Not that we know of, if we recollect the past;
At least they have not improved our feeling,
And the present generation are passing fast.
In spite of serum to kill noxious germs
We still inherit the ancient disease of vices
Of which the contagion has no end of terms.
Science should at least change its advices
If they intend to protect God's creation.

What have we done to stamp out venereal disease
Which just or unjust is liable to contamination?
It's a problem that we cannot take with ease
As a diseased body does not produce a sound mind.
Therefore criminals are on the continual increase,
Which to the causes scientific research is blind.
Instead of trying to cure we should prevent
By taking the germs out of unhealthy seed,
So at leisure the transgressor could repent
As to venereal disease science should stop the breed.

If the arts of healing derive from observation
The medico must have lost all their telescope,
If they can't see the speed of venereal propagation,
So sexual castration for us is the only hope,
Which should be used without distinction
Before they spread it to a greater scope,
Which means general hell and damnation.

Chiropractic

Chiropractic must be a great invention!
From the discovery we've been told
Could cure all kinds of mislocation.
In their assertion they are bold,
Because they discovered all the button
That would cure all kinds of diseases.
By pressing the button of the nerve
All the ailments they were sure to ease,
And their stunt they are willing to serve,
To correct the mistakes of divinity.
Our spine, a contraption of a billion of years,
Can no more stay in line for health,
So the Kiro are the saviors of humanity,
Therefore we should contribute with wealth.

If for us they are the only possibility
Of keeping our vertebra in line,
We must submit to their so-called adjustment,
Or else our health must pay the fine.
Is it not strange of the sudden misplacement
That we owe to this recent discovery?
Who could have thought of Nature's mistake
If it had not been for the great Kiros?
It's a damn shame that our spine was a fake
And subjected to all kinds of debility;
But just think of the coins they will rake
From the mistakes of humanity by their ability.

The benefit that humanity will receive
When they will fall in their trap,
But many a one will be greatly deceived
When upon their back they will get a rap.
It will be hard to make them believe
That they were not a bunch of sap
For falling for that line of bunk,
That they must be continually adjusted
And that a lot of good money they have sunk,
That they must go elsewhere before busted
And their health entirely gone deflunk.

If we ever had any good common sense
We could surely have detected the graft;
And if Nature forgives us for the offense,
We will try to forget the new craft
That does not learn about the circulation.
If our body needs vascular ramification
The elementary tissue needs observation.
Don't wait until you turn up your toes
To give your limbs a good kneading massage,
As it will help to restore the circuit of blood
Into all those capillary passages;
Restore the natural color to the skin.
Attend to that dreadful constipation;
Don't fill your stomach to the brim;
And avoid all kinds of dissipation—
The best of health and you will be kin.

Osteopathy

Osteopathy was discovered by Dr. Still,
And he was sure that when he dug it up
That the stunt would fill the bill—
As to pills he could give a rap,
What he could not cure it could not kill;
For him it was sure a snap,
As there were so many new ills
That people had gone about crazy
About having to take the same pills.

For exercise they were too damn lazy,
And decided to try the new physical stunt,
Which is certainly a great wonder
To make all the innocent fools grunt.
To make a cure they can make a bluff
If the patient is not a natural runt;
The stunts he gets are sure the stuff.
It must equalize what is left of the brain,
But if you don't have common sense
All their efforts will be in vain.

For your diet they are in favor of buttermilk
As in the stomach it can't leave a stain,
Which makes you feel as fine as silk—
All you can feel is the pulling of your leg,
That they try to equalize for length.
For mercy it's no use to beg
As long as the pocketbook has strength
And is able to hatch the golden egg.

Spiritualism

Spiritualism claims interview with departed,
As the temple is the post office of the dead;
From there the living spirits get messages
To let them know how they should go ahead.
For those that have no mind to read
The spirits will explain the page,
All the future before them will spread,
As some would like to know which bird to cage,
Because to live it takes more than bread,
And all the modern ways of reaching heaven
To all human spirits is very costly.

So this way they can get price list by mail
That is printed by the spiritual monthly,
So they can have the other world by the tail
And hold it for communication.
For our future there is no more use to fret,
As all that is coming we will know in advance,
Because the spirits have their radio set,
So as to give everybody an even chance.

Upon their veracity we can surely bet,
As a spirit was never known to fail yet;
But they sure have gotten many a goat
That spiritualists are using for a pet
Until they are converted into Billy goat,
As then they commence to butt the spirit,
And bust all spiritual communication.

Christian Science

Christian Science is a nickname
For a science to make believe
That what we have, we have not;
And from them, crazy advice we receive
For which we must put three bucks in the pot.
And that we are well we must conceive,
So they can do for us all to the dot,
As with the higher power they have a date,
Which we understand from their ads
That from heaven they hold the gate.

So if we are willing to listen to their gab,
Other doctors this time have found their mate,
As they can no longer put us upon the slab
So all operations will be out of date.
Christian Science all disease will nab,
So in their hands we can leave our fate;
If our pocket book can resist their stab
It will be for us a question to debate.

As long as we have anything for them to grab
They will show us the ways of health,
As they won't give us time to be sick,
Because we will have to hustle for wealth
So upon their requisition we should not kick.
As good admonition to us they have dealt,
So in the ways of cure they are durn slick.

The Difference in Massage

Massage is known as a most ancient cure,
Which of late has fallen in disrepute;
As of the authenticity we are not sure,
As the two schools are now in dispute
As to which is the most premature.

One of the schools was for the people
And the other for the horse and mule,
For the human required scientific knowledge
Which we must still observe the rule,
While the other in stable had their college,
Which of them has made a lot of fool,
Because if horses and mules did not kick
The fever of humanity they could cool.
In pitty-patting the skin they were pretty slick;
Education was cheap and rough hands for tool
That out of our body the disease could crush
By thrashing them all over to beat the band.

The patients for being fools were sure to hush,
As they soon got all they could stand;
The livery stable student can advertise
For reasons that we can understand,
As their colleges are of the largest size,
And for horses and mules is no demand,
Therefore on people they must exercise.

So there is no more use for surgical education—
The knowledge of anatomy is too complicated
For the intelligent livery stable masseur,
But by them all skill has been confiscated.

Our Health

Our health is our best gift of Nature,
Therefore of it we should take care,
As upon health depends our future,
So we should be careful how we fare.
Our stomach we should not overload,
As space for grinding we must spare,
So as not to puff out like a toad,
As it will hinder our respiration
Which will be unable to pull the load,
And to the heart give satisfaction.

Respiration is the secret of health,
As it attends to the process of alimentation;
And also of waste forces the elimination,
As everything comes and goes in rotation,
So anything that hinders our respiration
By our fault is the sin of transgression,
As it is the cause of acute indigestion.

So when our belly is the size of a balloon
Respiration will fill it full of air,
And out of this world we depart too soon
Without having to climb up the golden stair.
But if we are in a hurry to visit the moon,
All we have to do is to eat all we can get
Before the system is ready to receive food,
Our earthly home will soon be to let,
And if we are nutty it's no use to brood,
As our own time for the last breath is set.

Heart Disease

Oh, my! A disease of the heart!
And what do we know about that?
So from life we must soon depart
As the progress is irresistible
When of that disease we pull the cart.
As to filth our heart is sensible,
But to help it have we done our part?

Oh, no, we have been too negligent;
Anyway, we thought we were too smart
When our circulation was deficient;
But when the pains begin to dart
We wish that we had been more proficient,
So to give the heart a new start
We better examine the circulation.

As for health, we are not in the race;
The filth in our body causes palpitation;
Lymphatic obstruction is usually the case,
Then next is that dreaded constipation;
And then we begin to turn up our toes—
Corns and bunions for more aggravation—
And we think that the heart is the foe
So if the pump does not reach the feet
The blood will stop where we too often set,
Conglomerate the stomach and give us bad teeth,
Then that dreaded rheumatism for consolation.
The whole durn thing cannot be beat,
Because it is simply hell and damnation.

Our Stomach

For our stomach we have good intention,
But for space we should have consideration
Of not putting in more than it can grind,
And to our better sense we should not be blind.
Why should we fill it until ready to bust
When we know that the wall it will crust,
And that what we eat will surely go to waste,
And that for good food we lose the taste;
Besides the danger of acute indigestion,
Which we can expect for our compensation.

If we repeat the dose our health begins to wilt,
As the human system cannot stand the filth,
Therefore if we eat like pigs we are the goat,
As all the gluttons are durn sure to bloat.
Then we trust our lives to a dose of pills
Which we are too durn sure of curing the ills,
As it's hell to pay the doctor for his bill.
Over-eating for the glutton has too many a lure,
Therefore very often for them there is no cure.
Indigestion a great many persons will kill,
So an early grave a glutton is sure to fill,
As very few of them can stand an operation,
For of their fat there is too much separation;
And for the other world they can make preparation,
So they can just as well keep inflating the blimp,
As it will be their only chance to go to heaven.

Hebe-Jebe, the New Fad

Hebe-Jebe must be a new disease
That is sure to bamboozle our medico;
The patients are living with ease
But while they are sitting on the portico
They will too often change their mind,
Having read about so many an operation;
No escape for them they could find,
As health was a thing of the past.

Hebe-Jebe must have taken its place—
That disease is sure growing fast;
Its contagion is staring us in our face,
And how long it is going to last
Is not for us to prognosticate.
Therefore we must search for antidose
That would be good for us to masticate
Without interfering with our nose,
As it will take something with a scent
Different than that of a perfumed rose,
To cure that bunch of lazy gents
If of leisure we could for them dispose.
Many a disease we could eliminate,
We are waiting for medico to propose
A new way for us to help eradicate
Hebe-Jebe without serious operation.

Dieting

For a diet we make a lot of fuss,
As it is durn hard to get any kind of food;
And over the combination of stuff
The most of our time we must brood;
And that of eating we only make a bluff,
Which does not improve our mood,
As we diet until we are nearly dead,
While others are enjoying their meal.
To them our disease we like to spread,
But if we are nuts what's the use to squeal?

If we let diet our last days of comfort steal,
We should at least to common sense appeal,
That if our system is full of filth
Dieting will not restore our health,
And that of negligence we must recognize guilt
Which we must pay for with our wealth.

Remember that advisers don't pay the bill,
And that with red tape we can dispose,
As fear is the cause of many an ill
And also that common sense will propose
A different use for each kind of pill,
To which our sense of feeling will oppose.
Be sure that our stomach is clean,
And in eating use greater moderation,

So as to get neither too fat nor too lean,
Give the food perfect mastication,
And be sure not to eat a big pot of bean,
And you will receive the long gratification.

The Change of Life in Man

When the change takes place in a man
He realizes that he has lost his spunk;
The flame of youth he tries to fan,
But all the remedies he tries are bunk,
So upon the old habits he must put a ban.

But the notion still remains in his head,
So through the motions he goes if he can,
Then he finds out that he can't revive the dead.
The change has taken many by surprise,
As they had many plans for the future,
If their ambition once more could rise
They could forgive the freaks of Nature,
To which all humans must pay the cost
For the passions that in them mature.

We recognize our mistake when Energy is lost—
That our life has been a mistake
In spending our time hunting chicken,
And now those chickens are too old to bake,
They won't stay longer in our kitchen,
Because the handle of the skillet is bent,
And that it is best to make a change
To some that can afford to pay the rent,
As to graze all time in the same old range
Becomes monotonous to any old gent.

Destructive Energy

Why should we destroy Energy by wars?
And by what right destroy human lives?
Do those above us, of hell hold the bars,
As they are the ones that from war will thrive
And wash themselves in the juice of many tears?
Where is the sense of the human hive?
Of their wealth what have they to fear,
As Mother Earth gives us all the same chance
Except the lazy ones that remain behind?

With Father Energy we can all advance,
And without wars plenty work we can find.
Why not work upon the road to take us to heaven,
Which we certainly would if we were not blind?
If the mighty for human blood are so craven
Why don't they cut one another's throat,
As there would not be much Energy lost,
Because of tyranny they have taken the oath,
Regardless of the human lives it would cost.

The helpless majority are always the goat,
As all the butting in is always for greed,
Why then should we wear the bloody coat
When every nation is entitled to their creed?
If we attend to the salvage of our Energy,
A better lot of people we'll be able to breed,
Without the feeble help of the clergy
As heaven belongs to us all if we help.
Of the iniquity of wars we can destroy the seed.

Health Resorts

Health resort is the rendezvous
For all kinds of imaginable disease
Which for reliability, *entre nous,*
Is only a place to take our ease,
Where we can squander our wealth,
And may cure the infirmity of the mind
Which naturally will improve our health.

If honesty in resort we could find,
We might be able to enjoy the sport;
But don't go there when you are broke
As everything crooked there holds the fort;
And your purse is sure to get a stroke.
So if you search a place to ease pains
Health resorts are the durndest joke,
As it will not satisfy the brains.

Health resort is only fit for those
Who there have a chance to play the game,
And for others to cook their Irish stews,
As we must give the deal another name,
Because fish don't bite twice on the same hook
Unless we often change the bait,
Which is the case with all the crooks.
Therefore in health resorts we lost our faith,
And to rest we better search for other nooks.

The Nonsense of Shoes

Shoes are made to protect our feet.
Then why not choose them for comfort
Instead of toothpick heels to pick our teeth?
Upon those stilts the brainless will cavort,
As for nonsense they are hard to beat,
As to be nearer heaven for the sport
Instead of going to an asylum for a seat.

The pains of corn and bunion make them snort,
And with distorted face everyone they greet
Looking like the south end of a horse going north,
So it is easy to tell the capacity of brain,
As if they have any it is below the waist;
And of the seed of sense they did not get a grain.
The style of fools has made many slaves
And also made them shed many a tear,
As to be like other mutts they all crave,
Therefore civilization has fallen in the rear.

Many a fool goes to an early grave
Because the factory of goodsense was out of gear,
And their coconut has fallen to stave;
So if anyone of the truth is in doubt
The expense of decent shoes they can save
Even at the risk of having the gout,
As to stand it they will have to be brave,
So the shoemaker will call them good scout—
But the rest of us will call them durn fools.

Look Out for Your Feet

In cyclology our feet are the fifth zone,
So we should give them our tender care,
As they will let out a disagreeable ozone
That none enjoy in their bill of fare.
But it would be best if we let it alone,
And you can bet it's Limburger cheese,
So we can smell it over the telephone
And when of the odor of our feet we get the breeze
It is liable to make a bullfrog sneeze.

And when our feet are getting cold
It's a sure sign we're getting old,
Which we can recognize without being told,
As when we begin to turn up our toes
Our brains are not very far behind,
As our health as far as it goes.

To Nature's warning we have been blind;
Bum feet are the sign of old age
As from their bony and scrawny looks will tell
That to disease we soon will have to bow;
And to go about for us it will be hell
And a crop of corn and bunion for a show.
But we will have the pleasure of the smell
Of the Limburger between our sore toes.

Corns and Bunions

Just of corns and bunions
We don't need any more explanation,
As they don't care where they grow—
For those that have them it's damnation,
As everyone that has them does know.
To our temper it's an aggravation
When we have the durn things on our feet,
And try all kinds of application
They sure will make us grit our teeth,
And curse if we take the notion,
As they are enough to make a preacher cuss,
Regardless of going to perdition.
No wonder if we all make such fuss
When we must lose our religion.

If their invention is from the Lord
He sure made a bum combination,
As he created a lot of discord
In every sort of congregation.
How can He expect us to get salvation
If He don't help us to salvage the corns?
He knew they were not good for exaltation
And if He don't take the bull by the horns,
We cannot live to His expectation.
Let's hope that He receives our petition,
As with bum feet we can't walk to heaven.

Cosmetics and Paint

Cosmetics are stuff to make others believe
What we would like to be, except real;
But Nature is not easy to deceive
As our real faults we cannot conceal.
So we are not pleased with what Nature give,
Therefore the gift of Nature we modify;
By the use of cosmetics we contrive
To hide our personal defects of beauty,
So our admirer cannot Nature criticise,
If in her gift she has been faulty.

Is it not strange that Nature forgot
That we had to wear our own face,
And to show off it is all we have got
But some model she got in a hell of a place
As some must come from the jungle,
So with monkeys they could run a race
And for some people it was a bungle.

Now with Nature they must wrangle
As old age is durn sure to leave a trace,
In spite of all the durn new-fangle
For a wrinkle there is always a space.
It does not matter when we fill a crack;
With Nature we do not hold the aces
As luck would have it the quack
Made monkeys out of the human races.

Cosmetics are an invention for the clown,
But many a one has adopted its use
As some must change the gift of Nature
Therefore of cosmetics make an abuse.
For them masquerading has great lure,
As when old age puts on us a white crown
Paste and paint is the only cure.

But it cannot be possible to deceive,
As in time they are sure to fall in a trap,
Because age will tell by our deterioration
As sometime we may not fill all the gap
By not getting the same composition,
And all monkey shines we must imitate
As monkey-like we have the same disposition
Except that monkeys do not dissipate.
They are true to Nature in their position,
In the modern way they do not participate,
As of masquerading they would be ashame.
Their gift of Nature is a lot of sense,
And for the nonsense of style they are not to blame,
As the only experience they have is to crack nuts
But they will have a time to crack the human nuts.

With coconuts they can play the game,
But with cosmetics it is not the same;
They would not know which crack to fill,
So for them Nature must fill the bill.

The Old Reprobate

The Old Reprobate that we describe
Is an old guy that can't sin any more,
As he went through all the gates
And in all vices won every score.
So when dissipation they can't stand longer,
They must join some kind of church,
As the cloak of a saint makes them stronger—
Just think of that to be left in the lurch.

After having been one of the best rounders
For the way to heaven they must search,
As of their mistakes they must correct the blunders,
So of blue laws they have made research
That youngsters will have to come under,
As they must pull the cart leading to heaven,
To haul all those old reprobates tanky.
But if they expect that youngsters will be driven
By that bunch of nutty reprobates cranky
The durn old fools will have to get another cart,
As the youngsters are too durn spunky
That they should be able to take their part
Of what the old reprobates have left blanky.
For the old cuss good time was heaven,
Which it was as long as Energy lasted
They were then like other young hoyden.
So now if their hopes are all blasted
The imps of hell are sure to get even.

The Hill Billy would like to know
What in the Sam Patch is a reprobate.
Don't you know that guy with the high hat?
He belongs to the church but he was an acrobat
And he was a dandy with the baseball bat,
And he came durn near drinking the saloon dry.
Gee, whiz! Wasn't that going some for that guy!

That is nothing; I know one that never told the truth,
And would steal every card out of the deal;
He was the one that always had four aces
And if that other fellow had five he would squeal.
Oh, say, you ought to have seen him bet on the races—
By Ned, he bet on every durn horse that won.
But say, Billy, what's matter with his face?
Well, his mind is near heaven and the rest won't go;
That's why his durn old head is so durn long.

Yes, but ain't he dry enough for wing to fly?
Oh, no, the devil has given him the job canvassing.
Canvassing, what is that? Don't you know?
What's matter with you, don't you know nothing?
He sell dry goods for all the churches—Wow! Wow!
And also the goods that are not so dry—Ah! Wow!
Gee, whiz! What's that that fell out of his hat?
Durn my buttons, it looks like a pint of liquor.
Yaws, that is just like a durn reprobate;
But he must have it to sing in the choir.

For Wealth

What is the use of accumulating wealth
When we are subject to chronic indigestion?
Then it is too late to regret our health,
As it will not improve our condition,
Because when we puff up like a toad
We must go to doctor for consultation,
Where the burden of wealth we soon unload,
As before he puts you upon the shelf
He is sure to inquire about your possession,
Which is natural to protect himself,
That you must have at least the requisition.

Wealth is the cause of many a disease
Which may require several serious operation,
So that they can at least your pocket ease
So as to overcome financial complication.
Therefore you must choose between life or cash,
So either way you are sure to be the loser,
As it will take wealth to settle for the hash,
Because you are no longer the chooser.

When the end of your life is very near
The time for retribution will be set,
And for the greed of wealth pay very dear,
As it was not given to you to all keep,
So the crop you have sowed you will reap
In a hole six foot deep, where you can sleep
While others fight over what you left behind.

It's Hell Anyway

To describe hell we can in many a way—
As when of bad luck we have a spell,
"It's hell," is what everybody say.
When our surroundings begin to smell
The whole community begins to yell.
"It's hell," is what they have to say
When the bill collector comes around,
And we have nothing for him to pay,
It's another hell we have found,
Specially if it's for groceries or rent.

It's hell to tackle him for another round,
So for us the ration will be sent,
If of the dollar he does not hear the sound,
So it's hell if our money we have spent
For pleasure and things that we did not need.
So it is if we let fakers drain our purse,
As our good sense we did not heed.
It's hell, but it's no use for us to curse,
Because it's too late to grieve over spilt milk.

But when we are hungry hell is to pay;
When we are broke we can't get a square deal;
Then often we use any old crooked way
That will be sure to make others squeal.
Then it takes the laws to finish the deal,
And the jail is for us to rejoice,

As there we will get our lodging and meal
Of which we may not have our choice—
But what can we expect when we steal?

The Law

The law has good intention,
But the old judge should be a mind reader,
As the witnesses don't always tell the truth,
And the lawyers a bunch of trouble breeder,
That either right or wrong it's for the cash,
While the old judge sitting upon his bench,
Anxious to give justice the best he can,
The truth out of the case he must wrench,
As from both sides is catch-as-catch-can.

By the time the lawyers argue the case
The judge will find that the truth is lost,
So he must eventually postpone the case
Until the clients have dug up for the cost.
So if one of the clients is financially short,
It is best to leave it to the judge and compromise,
Which is usually done if the lawyer got his fee
And if there is nothing to pay on either side
The judge is obliged to throw it out of court.

So if it was not for lawyers by justice we could abide,
As the lawyers have twisted the law in many a loop
To favor the criminal and give them chances to escape.
Would it be fine if the judge could put lawyers in
the coop?
They sure would make a fine landscape
With the criminal playing the loop-a-ta-loop,

As it would be hard to say which is the worse.
But say, judge, you need not worry—we won't
get a chance;
The lawyers will be with us in the last of the dance.